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Truth," "The Monistic Theory of Truth," and "On the Nature of Truth and Falsehood"—are directly aimed at the famous new philosophy. Mr. Russell points out how large a part democracy has played in Mr. James's theory.

"There is an impatience of authority, an unwillingness to condemn widespread prejudices, a tendency to decide philosophical questions by putting them to the vote, which contrast curiously with the usual dictatorial tone of philosophical writing. Dr. Schiller at one time set to work to elucidate the question of a future life by taking a poll. William James claims for the pragmatist temper 'the open air and possibilities of nature as against dogma, artificiality, and the pretense of finality in truth.' A thing which simply is true, whether you like it or not, is to him as hateful as a Russian autocracy; he feels that he is escaping from a prison made not by stone walls, but by 'hard facts,' when he has humanized truth and made it, like the police force in a democracy, the servant of the people instead of their master. The democratic temper pervades even the religion of the pragmatists; they have the religion they have chosen, and the traditional reverence is changed into satisfaction with their own handiwork. 'The prince of darkness,' James says, 'may be a gentleman, as we are told he is, but whatever the God of earth and heaven is he can surely be no gentleman.' He is rather, we should say, conceived by pragmatists as an elected president, to whom we give a respect which is really a tribute to the wisdom of our own choice."

The free and light-hearted chaff of Dr. James and his theories is amply apologized for in the note to the preface, in which the author says that the great philosopher's death took place during the printing of the book and makes him wish to express, what does not always appear to the uninitiated in controversial writings, "the profound respect and personal esteem which I felt for him."

It would take more space than we have at command to do real justice to the wit and wisdom of this most literary volume of philosophy and this most philosophical contribution to literature.

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MEMORIES AND IMPRESSIONS. By FORD MADOX HUEFFER. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1911.

Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, who is the son of Ford Madox Brown's daughter and Dr. Francis Hueffer, for many years musical critic of the *London Times*, and the nephew by marriage of William Michael Rossetti, gives his volume the subtitle "A Study in Atmospheres." And what an atmosphere of genius, nobility, purity it is! Yes, we say purity advisedly, because it was an atmosphere of high and true aspirations utterly devoid of self-interest. The book opens with a charming dedication to Mr. Hueffer's own two daughters and then plunges at once into the memories of his early childhood and a description of the house, which was described by Thackeray as Colonel Newcomb's, in which this same fortunate Ford Madox Hueffer first saw the light of day. His childhood was closely surrounded by such figures as Swinburne, the two Rossettis, Burne-Jones, William Morris, George Meredith, the Abbé Liszt, James Thomson, Joaquin Miller, Phillip Bourke Marston, Joachim, etc.

Of the pre-Raphaelites themselves he says very truly: "They were, to

a man, rather burly, passionate creatures, extraordinarily enthusiastic, extraordinarily romantic, and most impressively quarrelsome." "They liked to swear," he records of them, "and, what is more, they liked to hear each other swear." Their note was in no wise ascetic. "They desired, in fact, all of them, room to expand, and when they could not expand in any other directions they expanded in their letters."

These letters, from which extracts are given, are simply delightful in their naïveté, their lack of restraint and calculation. P——, for example, is supposed to have reported that Swinburne accused Rossetti of —. To this Swinburne instantly responds that if P—— says that, P—— lies." Ford Madox Brown then writes to P—— to say how, when, and why the accusation was made, and explains how he went round to Burne-Jones's and found that Jones had eaten practically nothing for the last fortnight, and how between them they decided that the best thing they could do would be to go and tell Rossetti all about it, which resulted in a painful interview between Rossetti and Swinburne. P—— then replies that he never uttered any such words upon any such occasion, because on that very occasion he was not present, having gone round to sit with Ruskin, who had an awful toothache and who read aloud one hundred and twenty pages of *Stones of Venice*. Moreover, he could not have said any such thing about Gabriel (Rossetti), since he knew nothing whatever of Gabriel's daily habits, having refused to speak to him for the last nine months because of Gabriel's intolerable habit of backbiting, which was sure to lead them all to destruction. At this point Rossetti himself joins in the fray and explains that, after all, it was not P—— who made the accusation, and that it was not made against him, but against O. X. the Academician. But, however, if P—— accuses him of backbiting, P—— is a liar, because he, Gabriel, had said nothing but a few casual words against P——'s wife's mother, who was "a damned old cat." And so the correspondence thrives until, six months later, every one withdraws all charges, and they meet at dinner at Madox Brown's, Rossetti bringing with him Plint, the picture-dealer, intending to make him buy P——'s picture of the "Lost Shepherd" for two thousand pounds. Undoubtedly they were all devoted to one another and to Art—with a capital A—and to one another's art. With the same frenzy with which in private life they called one another sneaks, muffs, and even thieves did they proclaim one another to the picture-dealers as incomparable geniuses, and so, says Mr. Hueffer, "bickering like swashbucklers or like school-boys about wine, women, and song, they pushed onward to prosperity and to fame."

The book, so crowded with these delightful figures, is a mine of fun and laughter and enjoyment, but perhaps only he whose youth was spent in England, and whose memory reaches back to the early eighties, and remembers how large these great names loomed then can fully enjoy the flavor of the volume. How touching and how thoroughly in character is the anecdote of how Meredith left the house in Cheyne Walk where he, Swinburne, and the two Rossettis attempted some sort of communal living. Each was to pay one-fourth the rent, but Meredith, being at the time in dire poverty, was to take his meals outside and make no contribution toward living expenses. His comrades, fearing that he did not get enough to eat, sent up small breakfast dishes and attempted to contribute to his comfort. Finally, the end came when the benevolent poets sub-

stituted for a pair of very cracked old boots, which were put outside the door to be cleaned, a new pair of exactly the same size and make. George Meredith put on the shoes, went out, forwarded a check for a quarter's rent, and never came back again.

But it would be impossible to tell again all the delightful anecdotes of these great-hearted men and noble artists. Mr. Hueffer's is the most entertaining of all the recent books on the pre-Raphaelites. Nothing could exceed the nobility and charm of Lady Burne-Jones's memoir of her husband or the value of Holman Hunt's autobiography, but Mr. Hueffer's book brings in the whole great party of geniuses, and we see them as they played and worked with one another.

We should like immensely to know the name of comrade P——, who tried so heroically and persistently to persuade the world that clothes were unnecessary; and we are glad, at last, to come across a real account of the tragic death of James Thomson, a matter that has been so long and unnecessarily hushed up.

The book is simply delightful from end to end. We wonder if Mr. Hueffer's mention of the little cotton-manufacturing town called "Falls [*sic*] River, New Jersey," and his memory of a dreadful sign that met him at every turn in America, "Drink Boxie," are slips or affectations or jests. But details matter little; he has lifted us for the time being out of this driving, commercial atmosphere into that of youth and genius and high hope.

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THE TEACHERS OF EMERSON. By JOHN S. HARRISON, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of English in Kenyon College. New York: Sturgis & Walton Company, 1910.

Emerson is still a local divinity, a New England god of the hills whose power and renown have not yet fully penetrated, so to speak, to the plains. Outside of New England by those who know him best he is still instinctively thought of as belonging to a particular section, to a particular group, a special cult. Unconsciously so to feel and think, however, is to take nothing from his genius nor from his influence, whether present or potential; it is simply to recognize the fact that the lovers and readers of Emerson are chiefly among those who, by intellectual or actual inheritance, belong to his part of the country and have been born, as it were, to the transcendental tradition. For minds are not instinctively Emersonian, as they may be said to be instinctively either Platonist or Aristotelian; and our philosopher-poet or poet-philosopher appeals but to a certain kind and quality of mind, and, while his followers may be choice spirits, they will, in the nature of things, never be many. Ultimately, indeed, Emerson's fame may come to center more strongly in his verse than in his prose, since his verse is the more individual and distinctive; for, to quote Aristotle, "Poetry comes nearer to vital truth than does history," or even than does philosophy, and for this simple reason, that history shows what man does, philosophy what he thinks or tries to think, while poetry that is worth the name shows what man *is*.

This book of Professor Harrison's is deeply interesting and suggestive and reveals an exhaustive study of Emerson's writings. Thread by thread the mental fabric is unraveled and the various strands are shown to have their different and significant attachments to the loom of past thought.